Arcana

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Summary: In the short interval between HalfLife 2 and Episode 1,
Gordon and the GMan have a short talk.


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A Half-Life Universe Fanfiction

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Good morning, Mr. Freeman.

The words echoed through the mind of Doctor Gordon Freeman. His
eyelids blinked, and he found himself staring into a familiar
face.

"Rise and shine, Mr. Freeman."

"Liddy, you've gotta stop doin' this to me." Gordon forced himself to
his feet, and looked around. "This isn't the citadel."

"No, it is decidedly not." The G-Man remained as expressionless as
the day Gordon had first seen him, on the tram at Black Mesa. It
looked to be ages ago, now. The shrivelled little man in his perfect
gray suit and black attache case raised an eyebrow, waiting for a
reaction from Gordon.

"Seattle Center? _Home_? Liddy, you've really gotta quit doin' this
to me. You're almost as bad as the Vortigaunts are." Gordon strode
off, his words not entirely out of his mouth.

"And where are you going?" G-Man asked incredulously.

"To see the Sonics play!" Gordon replied tersley over his shoulder,
voice tinged with sarcasm. "I'm going to the best benches in the

park. You coming or not?" The G-Man huffed somewhat indignantly-probably the most emotion Gordon had ever seen the odd man make.

A few hundred yards later, Gordon had plopped down on a bench, his back to the Key Arena, and the fountain going through it's repeat of the Hallejluah Chorus.

"So, Liddy, why'd you call me here?"

The G-Man straightened his tie, and sat down. He went so far as to cross his legs, but in Gordon's mind it didn't make him look any more natural. It made him look akward, and Gordon kept himself from laughing at the sight. G-Man looked offended, as if he could read Gordon's mind.

"I simply wanted to tell you that you did well."

Gordon snorted. "Right. Sure. I believe that."

"You don't have to. It doesn't make it any less the truth."

Gordon laughed at that. "Liddy, prior to spotting you on the train, I would have believed you. But after that, everything went downhill, faster than one of Barney's microwave burritos." The G-Man nodded. "Ah, yessss...Missster Calhoun. Fancy him surviving that."

Gordon shook his head. "I'm sure your employers had a hand in that."
The G-Man shook his head.

"No, that wasn't...our...doing. He, ah, made his own luck, I think."

Gordon snorted. "Right."

"So you regret your choice?"

"No," Gordon said after a long moment. "Unless you count this." His hand gestured to everything in front of him.

"You regret being a saviour?"

Gordon laughed at that. "If I had known you were going to put me in that position, I would've jumped off the tram."

The G-Man shook his head. "A waste of talent. So what are you regretting?"

"That there's no Sonic's game going on here tonight. Otherwise, I would've got tickets, and you and I would've been having this talk over beers at half-time."

"This is a _dream_, Mr. Freeman. Nothing more."

Gordon pondered that for a moment. "So, tell me, what would've happened if I'd rejected your offer?"

The G-Man gestured, and where the fountain had stood instants before was the planet Xan, makeshift homeworld of the Vortigaunts and their immense leader, Nihilanth. Gordon watched himself appear somewhat woosily, pick up his trusty crowbar, and start swinging as the

Vortigaunt began to overrun him. It was over in a matter of minutes. The Aliens were proceeding to give him the mother of all beatings with his own crowbar when the G-Man returned the scene to normal.

"Okay, so if you're gonna do the cryptic wiseman thing now, I'm gonna ask questions."

The G-Man lifted his shoulders in a half-hearted imitation of a shrug.

"First off, there was already a portal open before I signed on to Black Mesa, wasn't there?"

The G-Man raised his eyebrows. "And you ask this why?"

"The corpses in the HEV suits."

"Then it would seem to be logical that there be a portal open, wouldn't it?" The G-Man watched the fountain, and Gordon shook his head.

"Breen had it all planned out, didn't he?" Gordon asked after a moment.

"Pardon?" The G-Man swung his head around, another unnatural act for the little man.

"Breen. The portal storms, the invasion of the Combine...he planned it all, didn't he?"

The G-Man sighed. "I don't- we don't know that."

"Oh? Logically, it makes sense that he's playing at something." Gordon turned, the armor of the HEV scraping against the benches hardwood. "Even if this chain of events threw what I considered to be logic straight out the windows."

"As I said before, we don't know that."

"I would have assumed your employers had him by now."

The G-Main strove to look sheepish, though his face really didn't move. "We, ah, ssssseem to have..._lost_ Breen during the dark energy explosion."

Gordon sat upright. "You _lost_ Breen? Oh, that's great."

"It may be...his so called 'benefactors' lent him a hand."

Gordon groaned. "Great. So Breen is missing. Now what?"

"You answer one question for me, and this ends."

"What question?" Gordon looked the small suited man over.

"Do you regret it?"

"No."

"That will be all, Mr. Freeman. Pleasant dreams."

Gordon leaned back and closed his eyes. "Not
likely."

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_Author's note:_

_It's my first HL fic, so try not to flame me over it. This is based
a lot off of what I've read off of Wikipedia, and played through the
first HL and part of the second._

_I know I've probably royaly screwed up the G-Man's accent, but I've
not played HL in a long time._

_Also, Gordon referring to the G-Man as 'Liddy' is a historic
refrence- G. Gordon Liddy was the head of Richard Nixon's 'plumbers'
unit, which was responsible for the break-ins at the Watergate hotel,
and thus causing the Watergate scandal._

_Also, it's worth noting, this entire scene takes place in the
limited time-frame between HL2 and Episode 1. Time in the Half-Life
universe, you may have noticed, is rather mallable._


End
file.